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FEB. 12, 1958

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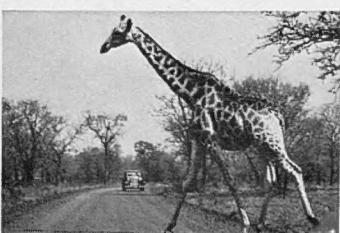
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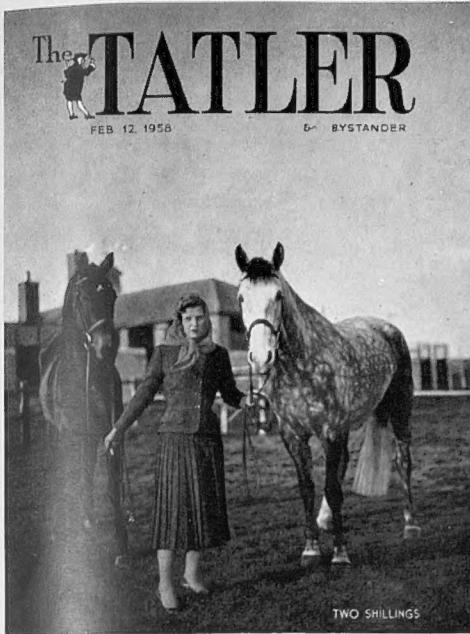
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MISS MAXINE SCOTT is the daughter of Major and Mrs. W. W. B. Scott, of the Kennels, Faringdon, Berks, and Ovington Street, S.W.3, her father being Master and huntsman of the Old Berkshire. She is herself a keen follower of the pack and is seen with two of the hunters. Miss Scott was presented at Buckingham Palace, last April, and shared a coming-out dance with Miss Celia Cubitt in Knightsbridge. As well as riding, she also plays tennis and swims.

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POSTAGE: Inland 4d. Canada 14d. Foreign 4d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.

Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number) £3 5s. (without Christmas number) £3 1s. Three months (no extras) £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s. £2 19s. £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50. 9.50 9.0. 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s. £3 8s. £3 4s. £1 12s.

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EVANS

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 12 to February 19

Feb. 12 (Wed.) The Queen and Prince Philip will visit the restored Charterhouse in the City; His Royal Highness will later attend the première of the film *Don't Go Near The Water* in aid of the National Playing Fields Association at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square.

Coursing: Waterloo Cup (to 14th) at Altcar, Lancashire.

First night: *Roseland* at the St. Martin's Theatre.

The Winter Ball at the Dorchester.
Steeplechasing at Newbury.

Feb. 13 (Thu.) Prince Philip will visit the Polytechnic, Regent Street.

The Opera Ball, at the Dorchester.

National Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers Exhibition, Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly (to March 4).

Concert: The London Mozart Players, Royal Festival Hall (and 19th).
Steeplechasing at Newbury.

Feb. 14 (Fri.) St. Valentine's Day.

Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, arrives in Australia, where she will stay until March 7.

H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester will attend the re-dedication service of the Church of St. Nicholas, Deptford.

Concert: The London Philharmonic Orchestra, at the Royal Festival Hall (and 16th).
Steeplechasing at Lingfield Park.

Feb. 15 (Sat.) Point-to-Points: The Bullingdon Club at Crowell, Oxon. The Cambridgeshire Harriers at Cottenham.

Rugby Football: Scotland v. Australia at Murrayfield, Edinburgh.

Steeplechasing at Lingfield Park, Newcastle and Stratford on Avon.

Feb. 16 (Sun.)

Feb. 17 (Mon.) Steeplechasing at Leicester.

Feb. 18 (Tue.) Shrove Tuesday.
Her Majesty will hold an Investiture at Buckingham Palace.

H.R.H. Princess Alexandra will attend a performance of the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society at the Scala, in aid of Toc H.

Prince Philip will lay the foundation stone of the new headquarters of the City and Guilds of London Institute in Portland Place.

Concert: Bach programme by the Philharmonia Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.

First night: Ballet, *Le Rendez-vous Manqué* at the Dominion Cinema.

Steeplechasing at Leicester.

Feb. 19 (Wed.) Ash Wednesday.

The Queen and Prince Philip will visit the British and Foreign Bible Society at Bible House, Queen Victoria Street.

First night: *King Lear* at the Old Vic.

Steeplechasing at Plumpton, Leicester and Downpatrick.



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A. V. Swaebe

Mr. and Mrs. Eden cut their wedding cake

THE MARRIAGE took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. John Benedict Eden, M.P., only son of Sir Timothy and Lady Eden, of Fritham House, Lyndhurst, Hampshire, and Miss Belinda Jane Pascoe, only daughter of Sir John and Lady Pascoe, of Broomhill, Spratton, Northants. After

the wedding service, which was conducted by the Bishop of Salisbury, the reception was held at Claridge's, where the bride and bridegroom are seen (above) with some of the bride's young attendants. Further photographs taken at the reception are to be seen in this issue

COMING-OF-AGE IN CHESHIRE

WHEN her son, Mr. Antony Johnson, recently came of age, his mother, Mrs. Michael Johnson, gave a large party in celebration at Sculshaw Lodge, Cheshire. His father, who was a well-known amateur rider in Cheshire, has been chairman of Richard Johnson and Nephew since he was thirty-one. Antony Johnson, who was at Wellington, works in the City



Clayton Evans

Social Journal

Jennifer

THOUSAND GUESTS AT MARRIAGE

THE Bishop of Salisbury, the Very Rev. William Anderson, officiated at the marriage of Mr. John Eden, M.P., only son of Sir Timothy and Lady Eden, and Miss Belinda Pascoe, only daughter of Sir John and Lady Pascoe, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The big church was packed with relatives and friends, and the twenty-five ushers under the direction of Col. Crosthwaite-Eyre and including the bride's young brother Mr. John Pascoe, Mr. James Stockley, the Hon. Richard Greville, Mr. Peter Negretti, Mr. Peter Banks, Mr. Clive Bossom and Mr. Lionel Stopford-Sackville, had a busy time finding everyone a seat.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked enchanting. She wore a full skirted white grosgrain dress with a short train, designed by Hardy Amies, and her long tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara. She was attended by a retinue of eight children and two older bridesmaids. The two pages, Dominic McGowan and Michael Blandy, wore white silk shirts with white velvet trousers, and pink cummerbunds; the child bridesmaids, Alexandra Negretti, Priscilla Jane Grey, Penelope Ridsdale, Angela Cripps, Henrietta Pasley-Tyler, and Mary Crosthwaite-Eyre, wore long white organza dresses with pink satin sashes and headbands. The two older bridesmaids, Miss Belinda Earle and Miss Susan Berry, were in full-skirted "shocking" pink satin dresses with head-dresses of pink veiling.

After the ceremony, which was an exceptionally long one, with beautiful singing by the choir from the Westminster City School, the bride's parents held a reception at Claridge's, where they used the ballroom and the whole suite of reception rooms, so that it never became unbearably crowded. Sir Timothy and Lady Eden received

the guests, who numbered about a thousand, with Sir John and Lady Pascoe, the latter very chic in light blue with a blu mink stole, and Lady Eden looking charming in dark green with a natural mink stole. Sir Anthony Eden was, alas, not well enough to come to his nephew's wedding, but I met his son Mr. Nicholas Eden escorting his stepmother from the church to the reception.

The bridegroom's four sisters, Mrs. Peter Negretti (whose five-year-old daughter Alexandra was a bridesmaid), Miss Meriall Eden, Miss Amelia Eden and Miss Elfrida Eden, a débutante this year, were all there. Among other relatives were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Eden, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Egerton, Miss D. Pascoe, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Grey, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Hall, and the Hon. Helen Gully.

I SAW the Austrian Ambassador Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg, and the German Ambassador Herr von Herwarth, who had come to wish good luck to the young couple, both of whom looked radiantly happy. A large number of the bridegroom's colleagues in the House of Commons came to the reception straight from the House, and could only stay for a short time. Among them I saw the Prime Minister's son Mr. Maurice Macmillan and Mrs. Macmillan, Sir Charles MacAndrew, deputy Speaker of the House, the Minister of Pensions and Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, Col. and Mrs. Neil McLean, Mr. Angus Maude, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Sir Beverley and Lady Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Ridsdale, Mr. William Teeling, Mr. Kenneth Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Smithers, Capt. Richard Pilkington, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Orr-Ewing, and Sir Reginald and Lady Mary Manningham-Buller. Sir Reginald, who originally introduced the bride and bridegroom, proposed their health with quite a long speech after they had cut their wedding cake, to which the bride-

groom replied with another speech, and then the best man, Mr. Gilbert Longden (yet a third M.P.) spoke. Definitely the most "wordy" wedding I have ever been at.

To mention a few more of the guests at this very big wedding, I saw Viscountess Kilmuir, and the Marchioness of Northampton talking to Col. and Mrs. Peter Dollar, the latter looking very attractive wearing a beige satin hat with her mink coat and a magnificent ruby and diamond brooch pinned on her dress. Also Lady Cromwell in blue, and her brother Major Philip with his wife, Col. Grey Horton, Sir Charles and Lady Petrie, Sir Hardman and Lady Earle and their son George, Sir Dudley and Lady Forwood, Mrs. Audrey Hazlerigg just back from a visit to Brussels, the Mayor of Kensington and his daughter Miss Lucy Fisher, Lady Grimston, the Hon. Mrs. Harry McGowan with her eldest son Mr. Duncan McGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe Fraser, Viscountess Maitland and her elder daughter Lady Mary Maitland who has chosen April for her marriage to the Hon. Robert Biddulph, Mrs. Edmund de Rothschild, Mrs. Harold Huth, Mrs. Cannon and her daughter Victoria, Mrs. Uvedale Lambert, the Hon. Lady Lawson and her débutante daughter Melanie, Mrs. George Spencer and her daughter Wendy, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan, Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Lady Pulbrook, who had arranged the beautiful flowers at the wedding, Mrs. Rennie O'Mahony, and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson.

Among other young people at the wedding, I met the Earl of Brecknock, Capt. and Mrs. Edward Hulse, Miss Sonia Avory, Mr. Obbie Waller, Miss Serena Fass, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, Mr. Martin Kenyon, and Miss Philippa Drummond, one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes who came with her mother Mrs. David Drummond.

The bride and bridegroom are spending their honeymoon skiing in Switzerland and when they left for Kent, where they were spending the night at Sir Alfred Bossom's home, the bride wore a royal blue tweed suit with a black fur collar.

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THE Earl of Selkirk, the First Lord of the Admiralty, kindly lent some of the reception rooms at Admiralty House for an At Home, arranged by members of the S.S.A.F.A. Week Committee. This was to launch the appeal under the chairmanship of Lady Templer, wife of the C.I.G.S., for the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. For seventy years this Association has cared for the dependents, widows and orphans of Servicemen, and it needs money to carry on with its splendid work. A great effort is to be made to raise the sum required during S.S.A.F.A. Week, March 1-8, in the City and County of London, so please give generously.

The First Sea Lord, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, who is President of S.S.A.F.A., was there and thanked everyone for their efforts; also present were the Earl of Selkirk, Lady Templer, Capt. Christopher Soames, Secretary of State for War, and Mrs. Soames, the Hon. George Ward, Secretary of State for Air, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Austrian Ambassador, Admiral and Mrs. Holland-Martin, Lord and Lady Kindersley, Viscountess Monckton, and many more interested in S.S.A.F.A.

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THE Mayor and Mayoress of Marylebone, Councillor and Mrs. John Guest, the latter looking most attractive in a beautiful gold lamé dress, gave a most delightful evening reception at the Seymour



THE SERVICES RALLY

A COCKTAIL PARTY was held at Admiralty House to inaugurate the coming Week in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association. Above, Lady Templer, Lady (Dermot) Boyle and Mrs. Holland-Martin



Miss Jane Templer with
Lady Hailsham



Mrs. Christopher Soames,
Mrs. F. A. Hoare



Lady Loewen, Mr. R. P. Baker
and Earl Mountbatten of Burma



Lord Mancroft, Commandant Cuissart de Grelle,
Lady Mancroft and Mrs. Orr-Ewing

Van Hallan

Miss Anna Neagle with
Mr. Wilfred Pilcher



Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft is seen arriving with Madame Hagglof, wife of the Swedish Ambassador

Hall. Lovely spring flowers had been arranged, and a long buffet down one side of the hall. The reception was attended by members of both Houses of Parliament, of the Diplomatic Corps, the Mayors and Mayoresses from a number of other London boroughs, many friends and personalities in the Borough of Marylebone itself, and other friends of this popular couple. An excellent band played for dancing, and around 10 p.m. when the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir Denis and Lady Truscott arrived, there was the picturesque ceremonial parade down the length of the hall to the Mayor's parlour.

To mention a few of the guests, I saw the Moroccan Ambassador and his beautiful wife Princess Fatima Zahara, the Bulgarian Minister, the High Commissioner for Ceylon and Lord and Lady Evans greeting a number of friends, as were Sir Wavell Wakefield, the popular M.P. for Marylebone, and his charming wife, who looked nice in a lovely shade of red. Also present were Lord Mancroft, Count Orssich (whom one so often sees winning prizes and judging at horse shows), with Countess Orssich, the Earl and Countess of Lucan, Major Robert and the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Tobolski, both in great form—he had only returned the previous evening from Venezuela—the Hon. Sir William and Lady Leggatt, Mrs. Tom Page, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Eddy, Sir Harold and Lady Bowden, the latter wearing a magnificent ruby and diamond necklace with her evening dress, the Hon. Mrs. Glover who was shortly off on a trip to South Africa, her sister the Hon. Mrs. Skyrme who was also just off abroad but to Gibraltar, Capt. Colin Peel-Yates, Col. Hulme-Taylor, and Miss Harriet Cohen.

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Mr. MALIK, the Soviet Ambassador, was guest of honour at a small party given by the President, Lord Pender, vice-presidents and members of the Council of the Royal Albert Hall, and Mr. Victor Hochhauser, in a room of that august building. The occasion was to announce the forthcoming visit of the Ukrainian State Cossack Company of over a hundred artists to dance at the Albert Hall from February 19, for two weeks. Mr. Malik, who is of Ukrainian descent, gave a short account of this famous company and its background, and it sounds as if we shall see some exhilarating and interesting dancing in a truly varied and original programme. The company are dressed in magnificent hand-embroidered costumes, giving brilliant colour to the exciting scenes. Already, as I write, over 50,000 seats have been sold.

This is the first time in the history of the Royal Albert Hall that members of the Council have decided to go into show business. Lord Pender and his Council have taken this step as an experiment in management. I wish them every success and trust that this may be the forerunner of many more ventures on similar lines.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS's very gripping, if rather noisy and harrowing, play *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* presented by the New Watergate Theatre Club at the Comedy Theatre, got a wonderful reception on the opening night. It has been extremely well directed by Peter Hall, and is most beautifully acted. Among personalities of the theatre and film world in the audience were Mr. Terence Rattigan, Margaret Leighton, Laurence Harvey, Yvonne Mitchell, Larry Adler, and film producers Sir Michael Balcon, Mr. Colin Lesslie and Mr. Tony Havelock-Allan. Also there were Sir Basil and Lady Bartlett, the latter so well known to television viewers as Mary Malcolm, who were sitting in a box with Mr. and Mrs. Ian Hunter.

Mr. Hunter who was such a tremendous success as Director of the Edinburgh Festival when he succeeded Rudolph Bing, who went from Edinburgh to take charge at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, told me in one of the intervals that he was off a few days later to Moscow for a week, fixing up with musical artists; he now works for Harold Holt's International Celebrity Concerts. Mr. Hunter has this year also taken on the running of the Festival in Bath from May 29 to June 7, when it is hoped such great stars as Yehudi Menuhin, Rosalyn Tureck and Elizabeth Schwarzkopf will be appearing.

Others at the first night of Tennessee Williams's play, included Lady Juliet Duffescorted by Mr. Hardy Amies, Mr. Woodrow and Lady Moorea Wyatt, Lady Millicent Taylor, Mrs. Colin Lesslie, the Hon. James Smith in a box, and Lady Ashton with Miss Mollie Seton-Karr.

The following evening, I went to the Saville Theatre for the first night of N. C. Hunter's very amusing new play *A Touch Of The Sun*, which also received a tremendous ovation after the final curtain. This, too, is beautifully acted with a wonderful cast headed by Michael Redgrave, supported by Diana Wynyard and Ronald Squire, and in my humble opinion is another winner for Mr. Hunter, and should have a long run. Enjoying this play, I saw Sir Hartley and Lady Shawcross, the Hon. Geoffrey Russell, and Mr. Neil Crichton-Miller with his fiancée Miss Lucia van der Post who, like her father, hopes to follow a literary career.



Mr. John Profumo and Mrs. Profumo (Valerie Hobson)



Mrs. Gerald Legge with Mr. Peter Coats, the designer

THE Duchess of Buccleuch and H.E. Mme. Prebensen, wife of the Norwegian Ambassador, are joint-chairmen of the Allied Circle International Ball. This is to take place at the Dorchester on April 24, and promises to be a brilliant evening. At the same time it is hoped to raise a good sum for the Allied Circle, whose headquarters are in Green Street. This is an international society, non-political, which was founded to encourage and promote friendship and understanding between members of all nations. At a recent committee meeting, the Duchess of Buccleuch stressed the immense value of the work being done by the Allied Circle, and Mme. Prebensen also spoke of the benefits and great welcome that so many of her countrymen had enjoyed there.

Among those supporting this ball are Mme. Chauvel, Mrs. John Hay Whitney, and Lady Evelyn Jones as deputy chairman, the wives of the Danish, Peruvian, German and Philippine Ambassadors, also the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, the Hon. Mrs. Ormsby-Gore, the Earl and Countess of Home, Lady Melchett, Mme. Champenois, Lady Dynevor, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony and Mme. Phang. Tickets for the ball may be obtained from Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

A few days after the committee meeting, the president, Lord Dudley Gordon, and the Council of the Allied Circle gave a cocktail reception in honour of the Brazilian Community in London, at which H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador, Senhor Chateaubriand, was the guest of honour.

This was attended by members of the Diplomatic Corps and prominent personalities from many spheres of life.

LADY PAMELA BERRY, a radiant and elegant figure in a lovely red evening dress, stood at the top of the wide marble staircase of Dartmouth House with Mr. Victor Stiebel, to receive the guests. This was at the brilliant reception and dance given by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, on the eve of the opening of the London Collections. The ballroom had been made to look quite lovely for the evening, with masses of yellow and white spring flowers grouped at each end of the room, around the top of the carved oak pillars, and on the panelling. Small candlelit tables were arranged around the dance floor; but the great *pièce de résistance* was one of the drawing-rooms which Mr. Paul Anstee, the very clever young interior decorator who did the ballroom, had transformed for the evening.

The effect as one entered was of walking on clouds with sapphire-blue sky all round. On puffs of snow-white cloud, here and there around the walls, were arranged the most exotic fripperies of fashion. These included spring hats, a pair of Rayne's exquisite diamanté studded gold leather evening shoes drawing the Goddess of the Sun in a miniature gold chariot, a collection of costume jewellery from Paris House (instead of a new born babe! in a cornucopia) hanging from the beak of a golden-legged stork, and two miniature angels wearing beautifully made Pringle sweaters and listening to celestial music on yet another tiny snow-white puff of cloud. This display represented all the associate members of the Incorporated Society.

Among those who came to the reception were many overseas' buyers, who had come on from Paris where the spring collections had just been shown. I met the Italian Ambassador Signor Zoppi conversing with Lord Kinross, the President of the Board of Trade Sir David Eccles, accompanied by Lady Eccles, the Minister of Defence Mr. Duncan Sandys, who brought his eldest daughter Miss Edwina Sandys, Mme. Häggglöf, the very chic and attractive wife of the Swedish Ambassador, who arrived in a party with Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Mrs. Gerald Legge, Mr. Peter Coats and Mr. Hardy Amies, one of the Queen's couturiers.

Also present I saw Sir Hartley and Lady Shawcross, the latter as always very chic, Mrs. John Ward in a beaded white satin dress (she told me she is soon off to California to see her daughter and grand-



A BALL FOR SPRING FASHION

TO give the spring fashions a fitting send-off, the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers gave a ball in Dartmouth House, London, recently at which (above) Lady Pamela Berry, the president, and Mr. Victor Stiebel, the chairman, received the guests



The Rt. Hon. Mr. Duncan Sandys and Miss Edwina Sandys



Loelia, Duchess of Westminster, and Lord Kinross

child), Mr. and Mrs. Hamish Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Williams, and the Queen's other couturier Mr. Norman Hartnell. Other British designers I saw included Mr. John Cavanagh and Mr. Charles Creed. It was a most glittering gathering, at which conversation often turned on the shorter skirt length with which we are threatened from Paris.

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I WAS very interested to hear recently about the money raised for charity at Arundel Castle, the stately home of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, which is also open to the public for part of the year. The big event, of course, is the ball that the Duchess organizes annually in Goodwood race week at the end of July. This raises each year between £1,500 and £2,000 clear profit, which is divided between the Sussex Branch of the British Red Cross, the Sussex Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs, the British Legion, S.S.A.F.A., Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies and about forty-five other Sussex charities!

Besides this, the Duchess of Norfolk has arranged an exhibition of ceremonial robes in one room open all the summer, when people visiting the castle can go in for sixpence extra. This makes about £1,200 a year for the West Sussex Association for the Care of Cripples. Another £700 a year is raised by a collecting box to which people contribute voluntarily as they leave the exhibition. In addition to all this, the Duke and Duchess very kindly lend the Baron's Hall for about ten other dances each year in aid of local charities, and now also hold a cricket match for charity every summer. This is a very fine example of kindness by a charming and helpful couple owning one of the most beautiful ancestral homes in this country.



Mrs. John Ward, Sir David Eccles and Mrs. Anthony Quayle

Van Italian



Lt.-Col. Sir Robert and Lady Gransden and Lord Kilmuir



The Rt. Hon. Johnson Gilbert and Lady Gilbert



Mr. S. M. Khan was Mrs. Roger Leigh

HONOURING A PILLAR OF THE COMMONWEALTH

AUSTRALIA'S 170th anniversary was celebrated in London by a most successful dinner at the Dorchester, the hosts being the Australia Club, and the guests leading personalities from many walks of life. Chief among the large company were T.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, who has been President of the Club since its inception, and the Duchess. The Club was founded in 1937 to extend hospitality to distinguished visitors from the Dominion, and since then has played an important part in bringing the two countries closer. Above, Mr. D. Abel Smith and Col. A. T. Maxwell (centre) receiving Col. Sir Henry and Lady Abel Smith



The Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Harrison, Australian High Commissioner, Lady McCarthy and Lady Baillieu



*Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester
at the dinner, which was held on Australia Day*

Desmond O'Neill



*Lord Mills, who is the Minister of Power,
with Lady Mills*



*Mrs. D. Abel Smith with Col. and
Mrs. A. T. Maxwell*



*Dr. J. E. Holloway, South African High Commissioner, Mrs. Holloway,
Mr. A. T. Stirling, Australian Ambassador to France, and Miss D. Stirling*



*Lady Webb and Mrs. Cedric
Holland, with Lady Harrison*

ANNE BOLT here describes some exotic holiday resorts in Bermuda, the Bahamas and Jamaica which might be called millionaire's paradises were it not that lesser mortals also may enjoy their pleasures

SUNWARD HO! to Britain's palm-fringed isles

BERMUDA is an island, or rather a group of small islands tactfully joined together by causeways and small bridges, having a year-round season and gentle breezes ideal for sailing. Perhaps the best time of year is March, when you feel you cannot bear another moment of English winter, or April when the Easter lilies fill the fields and the newly planted cedars take on fresh spring coats.

Choice of hotels is somewhat overwhelming. Including cottage colonies and guest houses, there are over sixty hotels in the 22½ square miles of tiny Bermuda. Cottage colonies are a wonderful solution when you want a gay holiday and like dancing till 2 a.m., but object strongly to the noise of other people doing it on the one evening when you opt for an early night. Bermuda guest houses are the equivalent of English country house hotels. Service is superb and four of the most elegant have been redecorated this season, the Inverurie and Horizons in Paget, Deepdene Manor on the Harrington Sound, and Waterloo House which is in the capital, Hamilton.

IF you are a golf fan there are four courses on Bermuda and through the offices of your own club it is possible to stay at the Mid-Ocean Golf Club.

There are no drive-yourself cars to get you around Bermuda, but there are drive-yourself sailing boats, class boats as well as dinghies. There is perfect gentle sailing in the two harbours and the three large sounds, and it is an excellent way of getting

around Bermuda, which is twenty-five miles long by less than one mile wide. Tiny taxis buzz around like beetles, with gaily spotted fringed awnings, just like those which used to decorate the horse-drawn "surreys."

To get to Bermuda by sea is not too easy. The palatial Pacific Line has a queue of millionaires for their top suites. Easiest way is by air. You can take a return ticket to New York, do a little business or visit some friends, and your ticket lets you return home via Bermuda.

The shipping situation for travelling to the Bahamas is little better, but as well as the Pacific Line which serves Bermuda, the Royal Mail have cargo ships which are worth trying. These boats, Ebro, Essequibo, Escalante and Eden, provide tycoon-class accommodation. Each cabin has its own private bath with showers and the cabin has ample baggage space. Individually controlled mechanical ventilation and heating is installed. The fares are £90 to Bermuda, £100 to Nassau and to Kingston, £120.

A new airport for Nassau was opened in November (1957) and at the same time direct flights from London Airport were increased to three a week. Windsor Airfield is blissfully near Nassau.

In Nassau it costs a shilling to get to Paradise—the price of the small ferry which crosses to Hogg Island. All for your shilling, you transfer to a tiny open tram which bounces along between coconut palms the few hundred yards to Paradise Beach; but the celestial beaches of Nassau are becoming so popular that choosy millionaires are exploring the "out islands," and so are the more adventurous British.

The Bahamas are a 760-mile long archipelago of 29 islands, 66½ cays and 2,387 rocks. Of these a dozen or so islands provide halcyon holidays, with hotels run by millionaires for millionaires. On Andros, largest of the Bahamas, there is the exclusive Light-house Club fathered by Swedish financier Axel Wennergren. The island is bisected by several bights, and in season has excellent duck shooting. To the west on Cat Cay, American advertising tycoon Lou Wasley runs Cat Cay Club with a tuna fishing tournament as high spot of the calendar.

ELEUTHERA is the best known of the out-islands. At its northern end is Governor's Harbour, the original capital of the Bahamas. There are several small hotels and one millionaire's hide-out, where you can paddle your toes in an improbably blue sea, surrounded by every luxury, for about £9 a day.

The southern end of Eleuthera, Rock Sound, has been developed by Arthur Vining Davies, aluminium millionaire. There is a friendly hotel with a swimming pool and you can enjoy golf on a newly constructed course, built from the silt which has been dredged from Rock Sound to make a yacht basin. Harbour Island has a wonderful pink beach, and Green Turtle Quay has cottages to rent.



Platt's Village, Bermuda, is the kind of haven every traveller wishes to visit at least once in a lifetime, with its promise of calmly flowing hours of sun-filled leisure. Visitors to the island will find many such idyllic spots



Above: a roof of one of the holiday cabins in Bermuda has its annual lime-washing. Right: one of the beautiful beaches outside Montego Bay, Jamaica



Anne Bolt

on Long Bay estates and (I suppose we had to have it!) a "yacht."

The southern Bahamas cannot yet provide first-class accommodation, but if you do a yacht cruise it is worth going to Inagua to see forty thousand flamingoes take wing as an aeroplane passes overhead.

The services to most of the "out" islands are daily, and if you want to combine "away-from-it-all" with a little sophistication in Nassau, it could not be easier. To Nassau's parade of hotels has recently been added Coral Harbour, the project of an American millionaire family, the Lindsey Hopkins. Two years ago it was an unappetizing swamp. Wealthy Canadian E. P. Taylor is similarly developing Lyford Cay.

Eme Beach Hotel, which is backed by British millionaire capital, can take over five hundred people. For sheer delight there is always the Royal Victoria, oldest hotel in Nassau. Comparatively modernized, it stands in its own miniature botanical gardens and the wind in the bamboos sounds like giant typewriters.

Jamaica is such a well-known sun spot that there seems little new to say. Yet the magic still persists, with palm-fringed beaches, the silver-gold sand, and the Caribbean so blue it taxes Technicolor. Every year new hotels open, and this season several old friends are having their faces lifted.

Palisadoes airfield is being extended to take transatlantic planes. So, in the New Year, if bound for Kingston, there will no longer be that tedious trans-planement at Montego Bay.

JAMAICA is an island to explore and it is well worth hiring a drive-yourself car. There are fascinating climbs over the Blue Mountains and the road ringing the island. If you enjoy history, a few miles outside Kingston is Port Royal. Three hundred years ago it was a base for buccaneers, including Henry Morgan. When, in 1655, the British finally took Jamaica from the Spaniards they knighted pirate Henry Morgan and made him Lieutenant Governor. On the road back from Port Royal is Morgan's Harbour, an attractive yacht club and restaurant run by Sir Antony and Lady Jenkins.

A more adventurous drive is to the "Land Of Look Behind." Hidden in the mountain fastnesses in the north-west of the island, it is populated by the Maroons, and the last stages of the journey have to be done on horseback. The Maroons, runaway slaves from the Spanish colonists, held out against the British for over 150 years and after they beat up the British redcoats in no

uncertain fashion, a treaty was concluded in 1738. The Chief of the Maroons is called Colonel and to this day "the Colonel" is the hereditary patriarch of this small isolated community. The Land Of Look Behind was so christened by the British soldiers. In the rugged Cockpit Country every crag hid a Maroon, and for greater safety the redcoats even rode two on a horse, one facing forward and one facing over the horse's tail.

Horse-racing is common to these islands in the sun, and in Nassau and Jamaica weekly meetings are social events.

DEEP sea fishing is popular. Lesser mortals enjoy the reef fishing for grouper and snapper, and the Bahama bonefish can be as game as salmon. Spear-fishing is a passion throughout the Caribbean.

But the sport for millionaires is big-game fishing. Boats with reliable, wily captains can be hired from £30 a day. The capital of the fishing world is in the Biminis, just west of Nassau, with sailfish, swordfish, wahoo, white marlin and the mako shark, giant tuna weighing over 600 lb. and the king of deep sea fishes, the blue marlin.



Taxi with a canopy in a car park overlooking the harbour of Hamilton, capital of the islands



"THE ICEMAN COMETH," Eugene O'Neill's four-hour-long play is being presented in London for the first time, at the Arts Theatre. One of the themes woven into its complicated texture is the advantage of retaining illusions, and above are the drunks and no-goods in the bar making the most of their mirage of happiness

Roundabout

John Metcalf

THE WAY THE OTHER HALF LIVES

THE law of the immutable hostility of almost everything has been brought home to me yet again this week. You know the sort of thing I mean: whenever you're leaving for Paris from London Airport for example, wistful in the middle of a plane-load of schoolmistresses from Widnes, bookmakers from Clacton, Americans in mauve suits and a refrigeration machinery salesman or two, the arrival bays *from Paris* are positively choked with muskily mysterious women in mink.

Even if you turn straight round at Le Bourget in order to fool the universal law which says they'll always be moving in the opposite direction, not one elegant *odalisque* will you see; only Americans in ginger suits and school teachers from Barnstaple and hairdressers from Hammersmith and a couple of medium sized nut and bolt tycoons. Meanwhile, back at London Airport —well; you know how it is.

Take television. Not only does everybody else's set have clearer reception than mine (and mine than theirs when *they* look at mine if you see what I mean) but whenever I decide (home early, freshly bathed, slippers on) to watch television for an evening there's never anything except the third instalment of a serial I've never heard of, half an hour at a gravel pit, a man with a moustache talking about Kurdistan, a visit to an exhibition

of stuffed birds, an hour and three-quarters of an opera in Polish and a film I saw revived at the Classic seven years ago. Meanwhile, at the cinema—but just you try going to the cinema to see one of the seventeen films that, while you're spending a quiet television evening, are making this a Bumper Fun Week in Leicester Square. To begin with it's sure to be raining; to go on with there won't be any taxis; and after thirty-five minutes bickering with your wife you will both decide that just this one night of all nights there's nothing that either of you really want to see.

★ ★ ★

It's a wisdom tooth that's brought it all home to me afresh. Before I had it out the only people I met said "Nothing to it old boy." They'd all had wisdom teeth out frequently; they'd never had the least trouble; I didn't need, they said, to take it all so seriously.

After I'd had it out and spent forty-eight hours losing four pints of blood, with one half of my face looking like a football and the other half like a piece of stubbly lard, everyone I met told me how ridiculous I'd been. "You're absolutely mad, old

boy," they said. "Absolutely essential to have the whole thing done at a nursing home. Nothing more dangerous. Could have told you exactly what would happen. Terrible risk of infection. Don't know why you don't take these problems a bit more seriously."

Another thing that depresses me is that I'm looking for a flat at the moment; no one I speak to seems even to have heard of anyone who has heard of anyone who hasn't had to put down £5,000 for three rooms in a basement and I know—know so surely—that the very day I settle for some outrageously expensive lodging I will meet seven people who've just heard about this Nash house with a rather peculiar lease that can only be let to people whose surname begins with M and who are missing one wisdom tooth and which costs three peppercorns a year and the landlord brings up the coal every morning. I know it, and you know it, and there's nothing we shall ever, ever be able to do about it.

★ ★ ★

WHAT a filthy disease collecting is. A few years ago (and I'd prefer that psychiatrists didn't bother to read this) I somehow came to think, in a curiously aberrant moment, that it would be rather pleasant to have a lot of fish in my bathroom. I don't mean live, swimming, stripy fish staring crossly up at the scum on the top of their tank. No, china fish and wooden fish, pictures of fish, metal fish, Chinese fish and paper fish and African fish, fish—if you follow me—generally designed to give a witty aquarium-like atmosphere to my perfectly ordinary bathroom. And the weeks went by and the fish flowed in.

I pounced on them in the Portobello Road, I flushed them behind battered dolls' houses in Church Street, Kensington, I ferreted them out of those curious little Chinese shops that are dotted forlornly about London in the most unlikely places. My friends tried to reason with me; all of them, certainly, refused to indulge me.

Now my bathroom is absolutely full of fish; and I hate them. And now at last, my friends, washing their hands (in my fish-encrusted washbasin) of the whole thing, know that there's one thing that they can safely give me: fish. It's another example of the hostility of things. Friendly fish, given with the best will in the world, are slowly turning my bathroom into an ichthyophobe nightmare. It's one of the reasons that I have to move. But what in heaven's name am I going to do with the damned thing

★ ★ ★

THERE are only two compensations for February in England: first, the knowledge that January is over, that this is about as bad as it can get; second (and perhaps the greater of the two) the scent of hyacinths.

Somehow this bilious hatred for all things wintry, for fog and rain and sleet and snow and chilled bones, doesn't emerge half as strongly from the writings of our ancestors. You don't really hear from Dickens or Jane Austen or Sterne or Trollope the



"Hello—Ajax Insurance Company!"

same kind of steady whine about English slushiness as you do from modern writers. It seems to me, this preoccupation with warmth and brightness, to date only from the mass discovery of the Mediterranean by the middle classes in the twenties and thirties. It's all a part of our becoming Europeans as opposed to bright little, tight little Islanders. Once you've felt the July sun of the South of France or the Bay of Naples or the Costa Brava soaking into you, you can never quite get reconciled to the lack of it.

We're rapidly losing our sturdy imperviousness to the elements. The Viking blood is thinning out; if things go on like this, in a generation or two we'll be reverting to that older, swarthier, sun-worshipping Celtic stock. Which is why, as we splash disconsolately through the puddles, the hyacinth at home near the fire, filling the whole room with summer, is more and more important to us. It promises all the richness, all the lazy lushness of the South, it's all the wistaria tumbling over all the balconies of Positano, all the mimosa on the hills above Théoule, all the bougainvillaea of every little sun-locked island, all those noonday dapples in one simple pot. God bless the hyacinth. And now I must call my travel agent.





Van Hallan

A LONDON WEDDING

A RECEPTION at Londonderry House followed the wedding of Mr. Colin John Denham-Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Denham-Davis, Surrey, and Miss Alison Apphia Mackenzie, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Eric Mackenzie. Above: Miss Angela Tracy, Mr. Dennis Twogood, Miss Jonquil Denham-Davis

The bride and bridegroom at the reception



Mrs. Ralph Lane and Miss Algie Davis



Mrs. C. J. Denham-Davis and Mr. Montague Roberts



Mr. E. A. Horniman and Miss Angela McLachlan



Mrs. Eric Mackenzie and Mrs. Ian Spaull



Sir William MacArthur, Lady MacArthur, Capt. H. G. H. Tracy, Charles Tracy and Mrs. Tracy

Mrs. L. M. Galbraith, Mrs. B. J. Dews, Mr. N. St. J. Lane and Mr. Lancelot Stimson





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and
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The Hon. Michael Spring-Rice, Miss Diana
Crawford and Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville



John Pascoe, Lady Eden, Sir Timothy Eden
and Lady Pascoe



A. V. Swaebe

A MAYFAIR RECEPTION

AFTER THE WEDDING of Mr. John Eden, M.P., and Miss Belinda Pascoe, the bride's parents, Sir John and Lady Pascoe, gave a reception at Claridge's. The bridegroom is the Conservative M.P. for Bournemouth West

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lusk and Miss Sally Hunter, who was one of the leading debutantes of the 1957 season



Lady Mary Manningham-Buller, Viscountess Kilmuir

Sir John Balfour with Lady Balfour



Mrs. Bryan Gibbs was a guest with her son Mr. Vere Fane

Mr. and Mrs. James Stockley





Mrs. Barbara Ringrose with Wendy Bickerton



Mrs. Peter Dollar with her daughter Jane

Priscilla in Paris

WHEN THE TRIANGLE RINGS THE BELL

MADAME DEBRAY, who is one of the municipal *conseillères* of Paris, or in other words a city "mother," has her word to say about the beautifying of her already lovely town. Window boxes are advised. A charming idea, but French architects do not seem to build window sills that are sufficiently wide, while flower pots, that take up less room, have an awkward way of flying off into space when the wind blows so we feel anxious about the heads of our visiting pedestrians. We are waiting to see what can be arranged, but meanwhile the seed farms are already sold out of nasturtiums and people dwelling in my somewhat luxurious quarter, who have houses with a wistaria growing in their front garden, are already looking snooty.

The terrible fortnight's grind that awaits fashion writers at every change of season has started. I have faced many things in my time but to sit through three "collections" morning, afternoon and evening—is beyond my powers of endurance. I go to one or two and then retire to a comfortable armchair and let my friends and acquaintances talk. It is not by the length of her skirt, the place where her waist is situated, the shape of her *décolletée*, the line of her silhouette, the texture of her garment or the shade of a "fashionable" colour that a well-dressed woman is known.

THERE are women who will look like frumps wearing creations that the *haute couture* has most carefully edited for them, while others appear perfectly turned out in what they may honestly describe as: "an old rag that I've worn for years, my dear!"

This, of course, could be sheer heresy in

the opinion of an excited almost hysterical crowd that crushed into the salons at Dior's. In the minds of everyone present was just one question.

Could the twenty-two year old dress designer, Yves Saint-Laurent, justify the faith that the late Master had in him? Judging from the unanimous applause of the most eminent of our fashion scribes, from Marie Louise Bousquet to Germaine Beaumont, the verdict is "Yes!" I would have applauded also but my stance on three inches of staircase was precarious and I needed both hands to conform with the well-written law: safety first. Some of the 178 lovely creations were, triangular or otherwise, somewhat short-skirted. The more bashful of us will feel like wearing rompers underneath. Knees will certainly be seen this spring, and when I say "knees" it is an understatement.

The news from Chanel, as always, delights me. She is getting us all thrilled about an evening, tailored dinner suit in white lamé. A washable lamé that she has tried out herself, washing it with soap and water in her little basin. And it works! So Chanel-like, the pet, and her skirts will not be too long nor too short because, she wisely argues, one's clothes must be in accordance with one's life, whether one lounges in a Jaguar or sprints after a motor-bus. But if one sprints after the public conveyances does one dress at Chanel's? Perhaps, if one puts the Jaguar in warm storage while saving up in order to do so.



MADAME SCHREIBER, the wife of the Peruvian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's with her two children, Richard, the elder, and George, on holiday at Wengen

I HAVE also discovered that dress shoes will be narrow and pointed beyond belief. An unpleasant person adds: "One will be able to use them as toothpicks!" It is said that in the days of gallantry champagne has been drunk, by lovers, from their mistress's shoe! This was certainly quite a gesture but . . . toothpicks? The word itself is abominable!

The revival of Marcel Achard's delightful, twenty-year-old comedy *Domino*, which was so often postponed at the Comédie Française on account of the strikes, has at last taken place. It is one of Achard's most enchanting "triangles." The usual trio. He, She and the Lover. But the usual trio treated by the author of *Jean de la Lune* and the actual recent success *Patate* at the Théâtre Saint-Georges, becomes a new geometrical proposition. Of recent



Miss Julia Gaston and Miss Virginia Kingsley-Tubbs



Brodrick Haldane

year, as I probably have written before, the Comédie Française grately—but mistakenly from a practical point of view if one may believe public opinion—presides over two theatres. They are designated as the Salle Richelieu, where the classics are given, and the Salle Luxembourg where modern plays are performed.

There is a general feeling that the Richelieu is the Comédie Française proper while the Luxembourg, that used to be known as the Odéon, is merely an annexe, a little lacking in appeal to proper reverential feelings.

ABSINT-MINDED habitués of "first nights" have often found themselves at the Salle Luxembourg when they should have been at the Salle Richelieu and vice versa. This makes for awkwardness if one has a preference for seeing the first act of a play, given that Richelieu is on the right bank of the Seine and Luxembourg on the left and, as yet, there is no direct tunnel or bridge! I am absint-minded but, living on the left bank, it is not a mistake I am likely to make; the Salle Luxembourg is "next door" . . . but I call it "l'Odéon!" I admit that the Luxembourg gardens are opposite the stage door but the theatre actually stands on the place de l'Odéon, and that, for me, is sufficient cause for using its old, well-remembered name.

Such a quiet, almost provincial, spot. An oasis of peace in the midst of the Latin quarter, the bright lights of the boulevard Saint Michel, and a stone's throw from Saint Germain des Prés. It was a warm evening and I waited outside the theatre for a friend who was late. On the other side of the place stands the famous fish restaurant known as La Méditerranée where Princess Margaret once had so much difficulty in obtaining what seemed, to the French cook who grilled it with tears in his eyes, an over-cooked steak!

AT the moment our eclectic Jean Cocteau is doing new murals for the restaurant. The last décor the *maître* accomplished was for a chapel in the south of France; there is evidently inspiration for him in the very name of the Mediterranean. Will he find the same urge from old Father Thames if he accepts H.E. Ambassador Jean Chauvel's invitation to decorate the chapel of the Holy Virgin in the French church in London? . . . One would indeed like to see him try.

In the theatre an electric bell started to buzz and late-comers, my friend amongst them, hurried up the worn steps of the old playhouse that was built in 1782. *Domino*, for the manieth time of seeing, delighted us once more. A really pleasant evening. British visitors must also go and see it again . . . but remember: Salle Luxembourg!

AMID THE FIRST SNOW AT WENGEN

WENGEN, the largest winter sports centre in the Bernese Oberland, was crowded with happy visitors including (above) Anne Crocker, daughter of Major and Mrs. Crocker, on the nursery slope



Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Walduck with their family, Thomas, Victoria, Stephen and Richard

Baroness van der Straten with her son Eric

Sonia and Patricia van der Straten, from Belgium





At the Theatre

NEUROSES OF THE SOUTH

Anthony Cookman

"CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF" (Comedy Theatre). In the heat of the Mississippi Delta the squabbles of an introverted Tennessee Williams family revolve around the fortune which Big Daddy is sure to leave. Above, Maggie (Kim Stanley), the cat of the title, shows her spirit as she denounces the drinking habits of her husband, Brick. Big Mama (Bee Duffell) looks on in disapproval, while Mae (Daphne Anderson), her sister, preens herself on her decorum. Below, Big Daddy (Leo McKern) and Brick (Paul Massie) have a heart-to-heart talk that shocks them both. Drawings by Glen Williams



LIFE, Mr. Tennessee Williams has decided, is a mendacious business. He illustrates his meaning by placing the leading characters of *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* at the Comedy Theatre in positions where they can hardly help lying. We are supposed to get our excitement from watching the liars tear the truth out of each other.

There is always a risk in drama that thus simplifies life for its own purposes, that the characters will be crushed out of human shape by the weight of the simplification they have to carry.

Many of us tell emotional lies, to other people or to ourselves, but there are times when we relax and go ordinary. The risk is increased in this instance by the circumstance that what galvanizes the principals into activity are a few carefully selected obsessions—greed, fear of death, sexual frustration and sexual uncertainty. There is no room in their world for anything else but these obsessions. They are coarse and violent people, as coarse in thought as in utterance. They seem to use their emotions as animals use their claws, as weapons to rip out the hearts of the beasts pitted against them. The result, at any rate for me, is that what should be a deeply distressing study in neurosis and marital misery becomes little more than an exciting display of animal ferocities.

IT would be more exciting still if Mr. Peter Hall had not let himself be lulled into treating the author's speech rhythms with an almost ruinous reverence. The situations are not difficult to grasp and the more quickly they are developed the more effective they become. Maggie the Cat knows that relatives are meanly trying to chisel her husband out of his inheritance because he is an alcoholic and has no heir. She has been poor and she has no wish to be poor again. She is shamelessly determined, therefore, to save the estate and to see that Brick has an heir by her.

There is nothing in this resolve, nor in the various complications that stand in the way of its accomplishment, to warrant dawdling over particular points. Miss Kim Stanley, the gifted Broadway actress, may possibly be a little to blame for the slowness of the first act, virtually a monologue in which Maggie cajoles and probes and openly pleads with her sulking, drink-dazed husband. She has the proper anxious air of a hurt wife but hardly the shameless sinuous tenacity of the Cat. Her interpretation possibly is one that requires some of the long pauses that Mr. Hall arranges for it.

The play's big scene, which has little to do with the inheritance and not much more with Maggie's frustration, goes faster but still not quite fast enough. It comes when the husband and his father, the big, sick, bullying, coarse cotton-planter, take the stage for almost the whole of the second act.

THE gross old man has just come out of the shadow of fear. The doctors have told him for professional reasons and the family for mixed reasons that his disease is not malignant. He is in great form. But first he must find out why his favourite son is throwing his life away into a bottle. "Don't do it," he bawls. "Hold on to your life. There's nothing else to hold on to." Brick's excuse is that he drinks to kill his disgust with a world that is based on lies. The old man won't have it. "Mendacity" is one of those five-dollar words that cheap politicians throw back and forth at each other. There must be something else. Rashly he asserts that his son is running away from homosexuality, or the fear of it. He surmises that Brick might have saved his friend's life if he had not refused to face his friend's truth with him. Brick, horrified, screamingly demands if anyone is strong enough to face the truth and slams home his point by telling his father that the doctors and the family have lied to him and that he will soon be dead.

So powerful is this act that the play never recovers from it, for father and son have so exhausted themselves that there is little real life left in either of them. Neither the squabbles about the estate nor Maggie's relations with her husband can give the last act the follow-through punch it needs.

Mr. Leo McKern finds himself playing rather outside the part. He has to force the brutal zest which should flow freely, but he forces it cleverly and carries the scene. Mr. Paul Massie has not yet the resource to cope with a bemused alcoholic who is subject to fits of physical violence, but he successfully creates a suggestion of neurotic tenseness struggling for release.



Italian opera in repertory at London's Drury Lane

LONG known to theatregoers as the home of long-running musicals, Drury Lane is at present staging a season of Italian operas with a company which has come from Italy for the occasion. The illustration shows the cast in a dance from Act II of "La Forza del Destino" by Verdi. Other operas which are played in the repertoire, include "Andrea Chenier," "William Tell," "Turandot" and "L'Amico Fritz." They are accompanied by the Royal Philharmonic and the London Symphony orchestras alternately under Italian conductors



*Mrs. A. G. Dower, Col. A. G. Dower, joint-Master of the Old Berkeley Hunt,
Mrs. Reginald Swain, Mrs. Owen Edwards and Mr. J. Brazil, joint-Master*



*Mrs. Wootton dancing with
husband, Mr. Alan Wootton*

A HUNT BALL HERTFORDSHIRE



Capt. N. B. Platt with Mrs. D. A. Abrahams, who painted the murals



Mr. Shaun McCammond with Miss Jean Woodbridge



Miss Sally Goslett at table with Mr. Graham Goodwin



Miss Ianthe Eley was here partnered
by Mr. John Warburton

THE OLD BERKELEY HUNT held their annual Ball at Watford Town Hall; it was attended by about 350 members of the Hunt and their guests. Mrs. D. A. Abrahams once again painted a giant mural measuring over twenty yards in length which was a focal point of the decor, which was very imaginatively thought out. Dancing in these attractive surroundings carried on into the morning, when the guests had breakfast



Miss Susan Barclay and Mr. John Ewart

Mr. H. W. Batchelor, Hunt Secretary, Mrs. Batchelor, and
Mrs. C. H. Frye, Secretary of the Hunt Ball

Van Hallan



Mrs. Rushworth-Lund with Mr.
Anthony Rushworth-Lund, the author



Miss Ianthe Eley with Mr. Clifford Lewis



At the Pictures**JUSTICE BLINDED**

INFAMILIAR as I am with the finer points of legal procedure, it seemed to me a good idea to take a Q.C., Mr. Edward Wooll, to see *Witness For The Prosecution*—the film version of Miss Agatha Christie's play—in which Mr. Charles Laughton appears as a Q.C. defending Mr. Tyrone Power on a charge of murder. Perhaps Mr. Billy Wilder, the director, should have sought counsel's opinion, too—for if you are going to make a film about a murder trial, you might just as well make it without the inaccuracies patiently pointed out to me by my learned friend.

Persons suspected of murder are not, I am instructed, popped into ordinary prison cells—they are housed in the prison hospital; and detective inspectors do not give medical evidence—that is a job for the qualified pathologist. Having seen Miss Anna Neagle, Q.C., personally rustling up evidence in defence of her client in *The Man Who Wouldn't Talk*, I was not seriously disturbed when Mr. Laughton, Q.C., dashed off to Euston Station on a similar errand. "Tchk! Tchk!" said my learned friend, testily: "Surely everybody knows this sort of thing must be left to a solicitor: if a barrister did it, he'd be disbarred." Well, I didn't know—and neither, apparently, did Mr. Herbert Wilcox and Mr. Wilder—but I thought you might like to.

Miss Agatha Christie's story, even to the non-legal eye, is full of holes—but as each one of them harbours a good red-herring,



MICHEL RAY, a young British actor, plays an engaging Mexican peasant boy in *The Brave One*. He is seen (above) with the black bull he has reared from a calf, only to see him fight for his life in the bullring of Mexico City. All ends well, and the brave bull and his young friend win a last-minute reprieve from tragedy in the arena



JULIE HARRIS and Laurence Harvey as they appear in the period comedy *The Truth About Women*. The star-spangled cast also includes Diane Cilento, Mai Zetterling, Eva Gabor, Michael Denison and Marius Goring. This photograph was taken by Mr. Cecil Beaton, who designed the costumes

it may well keep you interested. Mr. Laughton undertakes Mr. Power's defence in the belief that he is innocent: he is unaware at the time that Mr. Power is a beneficiary under the murdered woman's will—and this comes as a surprise to him. It is an even greater surprise when Mr. Power's allegedly devoted wife, the fabulous Miss Marlene Dietrich, appears as a witness for the prosecution and calmly states, on oath, that on the night of the crime her husband confessed to having committed it—and had blood on the sleeves of his jacket to prove it.

Mr. Power and Mr. Laughton are shocked to the core at this unwise behaviour—for which the only excuse offered is that Miss Dietrich is not Mr. Power's wife at all. Subsequent developments lead to a final twist in the tale which is ingenious but improbable. You are unlikely to take any of it seriously but, just in case you might, Mr. Wilder has seen fit to introduce an element of farce: Mr. Laughton, newly recovered from a heart attack and in imminent danger of succumbing to another one, is everywhere pursued by a ludicrously agitated nurse—Miss Elsa Lanchester, clowning coyly.

I do not myself consider cardiac trouble a laughing matter, nor do I care to see the nursing profession held up to ridicule—but perhaps I am being stuffy: the greater part of the audience seemed to find it all vastly entertaining.

THE title rôle in *The Brave One* is played by a magnificent black bull—the adored pet of a small Mexican boy, Master Michel Ray. Bulls in Mexico must find life a depressing gamble—a "heads you win, tails I lose" affair: if they are cowardly they are condemned to an ignominious death in the slaughterhouse—if they display courage they are doomed to be sacrificed on the altar of the national art.

The touching, rather naïve picture (which inevitably reminds one of *Never Take No For An Answer*), tells of the boy's determined efforts to save his darling from the bullring. He does not succeed: in agony he watches as the splendid beast faces the matador, Señor Fermín Rivera in the vast arena of the Plaza del Toros in Mexico City. It fights like a devil on four legs—until the crowd, in admiration of its indomitable spirit, shouts for the "Indulto." With a certain show of reluctance, the President concedes to the request: for the first time in twenty years, we are told, the life of a fighting bull is spared.

The weeping Mexican landscape, the splendours of Mexico City and the gory pageantry of the bullring have been superbly photographed by Mr. Jack Cardiff—but all the beauty culminates in such a show of cruelty that I cannot honestly say I enjoyed the film. Only an aficionado could.

FRANCIS Dreyfus case, which caused so much controversy in the 1890s, is re-scrutinized in *I Accuse!*—an eminently worthy film, directed by Mr. José Ferrer. It is well written and admirably acted by a distinguished cast—but it lacks the panache of Mr. William Dieterle's *Zola*, an Academy award winner in 1937.

Mr. Ferrer plays Dreyfus, the unfortunate Jewish captain on the French General Staff, who was wrongfully condemned to life imprisonment on Devil's Island for treason. Mr. Harry Andrews is the major who, with the honour of the French Army at heart, fabricated evidence against him—but subsequently, with his own honour at stake, made a clean breast of his share in the proceedings. Mr. Anton Walbrook smiles and smiles and is a villain as the despicable Esterhazy—the real traitor.

The best performances come from Mr. Emlyn Williams, as Zola, whose impassioned plea for justice forced a re-trial, and Mr. Donald Wolfit as General Mercier, the dedicated militarist who stubbornly protested his belief in Dreyfus's guilt.

Only when Esterhazy, a fugitive in England, sells his full confession to a newspaper is Dreyfus allowed to resume his military career. That he should want to astonishes me.

CENTRAL Africa in 1895 is the setting for *Naked Earth*—in which Mr. Richard Todd, speaking with a brogue that'll crease yez, plays a disgruntled Irish tobacco planter who takes up crocodile hunting and makes a fortune. Mlle. Juliette Greco, as the French spitfire whom he marries because he needs a woman around the house, gives a fairly devastating performance in her first starring rôle: metaphorically—and literally—she wipes the floor with Mr. Todd. It is an unusual and unpretentious film, decently directed by Mr. Vincent Sherman.

—Elspeth Grant



CHARLES LAUGHTON finds the perfect vehicle for his talents as the bombastic and theatrical Q.C. in *Witness For The Prosecution*, one of Agatha Christie's twistiest teasers adapted for the screen



JULIETTE GRECO, Existentialist and torch-singer, stars with Richard Todd in *Naked Earth*, a story of darkest Africa in the '90s

Book Reviews

NORTHERN PILGRIMAGE TO THE MIDNIGHT SUN

LET not its wintry title keep you from William Sansom's new travel book! **The Icicle And The Sun** (Hogarth Press, 18s.) has as subject Finland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark—four countries which, in the minds of some of us, tend to be lumped together as "Scandinavian" with but little sense of their diverse characters. To differentiate between them was Mr. Sansom's purpose in sailing north; though also, he says, perversity prompted his journey. High time to break out of the Mediterranean spell! "Too constant a song of the olive south, where real lemons grow on trees and the sapphire sea is as hot as a bath, suggested that all this, nice as it is, had been overstressed."

This writer—one of our most observant and most imaginative: the blend is rare—is ideally able to relish, and register, the individual flavours of different countries. "The pleasures of travel," he remarks, "lie not only in the enjoyment of strange excellencies, but also in a feeling for strange detail: and here colours, and small daily habits, the way the doorknobs move and how the sugar is wrapped, can be in total more impressive than isolated instances of fine architecture and distinguished landscape." Eye for just such detail, plus a gift for analogy which stamps things deep into the reader's fancy, is worth a hundred earnest generalizations.

Example, the comment on black in the Finnish buildings: "The black is matt, and the effect on a roofline is of fine sensual exactitude, like a thick charcoal line left in a painting.... And one further quality comes to mind—the absolute *clic* of black. The great box chimneys made of what might be black suède look very like the suave boxes in which a Paris *parfumeur* might pack his latest scent." Equally effective is the account (p. 68) of Stockholm's dazzlingly lit up but all but empty nocturnal streets: night-life is *not* a speciality of the Swedish capital's (though immense hospitality goes on in private houses). Wonderful Copenhagen, from dusk to dawn, left nothing to be desired by Mr. Sansom—first to last, his accounts of that friendly-elegant city, with its forests of masts, is tinged with affection. Yet no less did he lose his heart to "tram-happy" Helsinki, with its painted waterfront, and no less did he attach himself to Oslo, with its high-heartedness, strollers with rolling gait, otherworldly blondes.

He also, in all cases, penetrated deeply into the country. Trains tearing like hoot owls through forests remain in mind; water transport took him up fjords or along ancient canals, and he made the night-flight from Stockholm into the midnight sun. Lapland he more than pictures. Food, with its national or local varieties of lusciousness, parks and parades, the delights of the Finnish *sauna*, and endless sparks given off by humming vitality combine to give this book more warmth than ice. Mr. Sansom enjoyed himself like anything: *The Icicle And The Sun* tells us where, why, how, and may well inspire you or me to do likewise.

★ ★ ★

FRSKINE CALDWELL's **Certain Women** (Heinemann, 15s.) lives up to the curiosity arousing undertone of its title. Its women characters are young or youngish, they are seven in number and each has a fictional episode to herself. None of these heroines cross one another's paths, which at a glance seems odd, for they all belong to the same, not large, American town Claremore—which devotes itself to the manufacture of furniture, gossip and the pursuit of the female. Fairly primitive are the Claremore conditions—orgy-infested woodlands surround the suburbs, and fathers still take the strap to grown-up daughters.

Ever since Mr. Caldwell gave us *Tobacco Road* we have connected this strong American author with wigs on the green and life in the raw. Several of these adventures have happy endings, though come to only after severe vicissitudes. Cryptic seems the



Howard Coster

THE HON. JOHN BINGHAM is the only son of the sixth Baron Clanmorris. His fifth crime book *Marion* was published last month (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) and is a fast moving thriller combining wit with realism



23

8.1.45

WACLAW ZAGORSKI ("Lech") is the author of *Seventy Days, a Diary Of The Warsaw Insurrection 1944* (Muller, 21s.). This portrait was drawn when the author was in a prisoner-of-war camp in Upper Bavaria



MAN-LIKE figure in gold, "Toima" style, from the Museo del Oro, is one of the lavish colour plates in *Pre-Conquest Goldsmiths' Work Of Colombia* a beautifully produced book by Enzo Carli (Heinemann, 35s.)

behaviour of Anneve, who leaves a loving husband to return to an unloving parental home; with Clementine, on the other hand, we sympathize—summoned back to Claremore by Miss Bessie, reformed ex-madame whose favourite girl she had been, she finds herself named as fiancée for the shy new minister. Hilda, virtuous and ambitious, finds herself handicapped as a career girl by having a too-voluptuous figure; Nannette, a waif, only finds peace of mind after her face has been slashed by a jealous rival. Vicki, correct and happily married, is compelled to yield to a crooked lover, remnant of her disreputable past.

I was most touched by Louellen, the tomboy who flopped as a débutante, and most diverted by Selma, the high-school teacher, handsomer but desperate, who would have brought off marriage-by-capture had it not been for darling dotty Miss Gussie. . . . One is, on the whole, glad not to reside in Claremore. I query Mr. Caldwell's sentence-construction and, sometimes, his feminine psychology. Nonetheless, *Certain Women* does not fail to be rattling good story-telling.

★ ★ ★

Unreasonable Doubt (Crime Club, Collins, 10s. 6d.) is the new Elizabeth Ferrars detective story—setting, an English village in reach of London; characters, well up to the Ferrars standard in being lively, likeable and likely. They might, indeed, be almost any of us, which makes their predicaments the more sympathetic. Alistair and Rose Dirke, for instance, off on a fortnight's holiday in the south of France, deserved better than to be mixed up in a murder—victim, a Greek connoisseur, collector of coins.

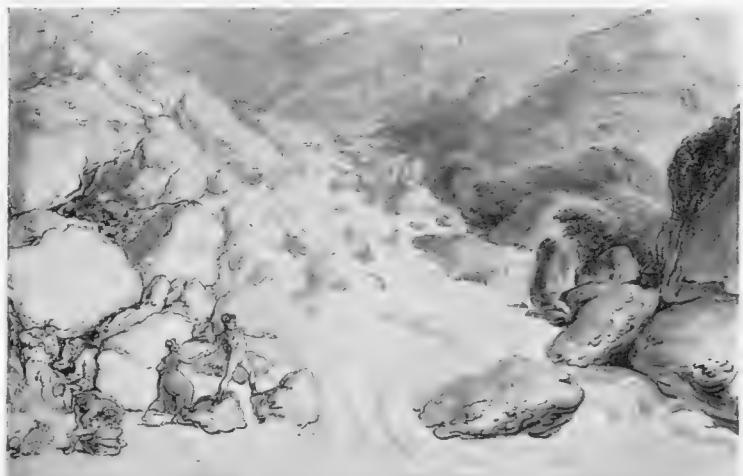
And worse, there's a link between the deed of violence in Monte Carlo and blameless Rollway, where village energies, otherwise, concentrate upon the forthcoming flower show. Was it not Henry, the Dirkes' neighbour and friend, who had asked them to call on the doomed Greek, and is not Paul (whose marked attentions to Rose had been causing Alistair some anxiety) behaving in a secretive, uneasy manner? And the valuable coin collection, missing since the murder, had been destined for Rollway's local museum. . . . A prolonged summer heatwave (how nice to read about!) adds to the tension.

—Elizabeth Bowen



Mark Gerson

ALICE ACLAND, in real life Mrs. F. E. B. Wignall, has added to her growing reputation as a novelist with her new book *A Person Of Discretion* (Collins, 13s. 6d.)



AN EXHIBITION of early English watercolours, drawings by Old Masters, etchings and engravings from the collection of Alan D. Pilkington, Esq., is open until February 28 at Messrs. Colnaghi, Old Bond Street, to aid the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association. The show includes a watercolour by Rowlandson (above) and one by Cotman (below).







Michel Molinare

AS a curtain raiser to the London Couture Collection, seven members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers created evening dresses for the International Model Ball. An interesting feature of all the dresses was that they were made of materials woven from man-made (synthetic) fibres; proving that the scientific skill of our textile manufacturers has certainly made a virtue of necessity. Left, John Cavanagh's evening gown in Sekers bright pink acetate and lurex. Feather head-dress by Simone Mirman. Above, dinner gown in Nottingham rayon lace by Charles Creed

BALL DRESSES
FROM THREADS SPUN BY SCIENCE



NORMAN HARTNELL'S exotic sheath dress in pale jade green acetate satin lavishly embroidered. A straight necked, sleeveless dress, it has a matching stole which is worn belted at the waist. The draped turban is in matching satin, also the gloves and shoes. The fabric is by Bradford & Perrier

WORTH'S lovely white evening dress in Sekers' acrilan and acetate ribbed ottoman. A regal looking gown with a wide sweeping train and bodice circled by a sparkling embroidered band dipping to the waist at the back. All jewellery worn with the dresses designed and made by Michael Gosschalk, Motcomb Street, S.W.1. Photographs taken in a Porchester Terrace flat with interior decorated by Michael Ken



HARDY AMIES' dramatic evening gown in black and gold Terylene brocade. The tremendously wide, full skirt is cut high in front dipping to a long, flowing back and it has a double train falling from the strapless bodice. The gold bracelet and important diamond necklace with a large detachable clip are by Michael Gosschalk





AIRY, LIGHT EVENING GOWN by Lachasse in Ferguson Bros. screen printed nylon chiffon, a giant green lily-of-the-valley print on a pale yellow ground. Soft green velvet trims the camisole bodice and curves over the sides of the full swirling skirt



A HIGH TOQUE in white pique by Madame Vernier (above left), worn low on the brow and decorated with a large black cabbage rose. Beside it another toque-like shape, also by Madame Vernier, in white and green feathers curved with bands of black velvet. Both obtainable Madame Vernier, 82 George St., W.1



LAUREL GREEN nylon velvet by Martin and Savage is used for this sophisticated gown by Mattli—a full length slender dress. The skirt is draped across the hips and ornamented by a large rosette. Jewellery by Michael Gosschalk



A QUARTER DECK NOTE

PERENNIAL navy and white fashion favourites. A suit and coat by Dereta in navy blue double knit jersey. The loose collarless coat is smartly lined in navy and white spotted taffeta and has a matching cravat. We show it (left) worn over the suit, which has a slim skirt and straight hip-length jacket with the back lightly pleated into a half-belt. Coat 14½ gns. at D. H. Evans; suit 15 gns. at Galeries Lafayette; both obtainable from County Clothes, Cheltenham. The Breton in white straw with a navy grosgrain crown is by Gina Davies. Above, we show a hat and cravat in leaf printed white chiffon, a set that looks charming with the suit. Also by Gina Davies, 25 Brook Mews, W.1

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK



*A time for
everything*

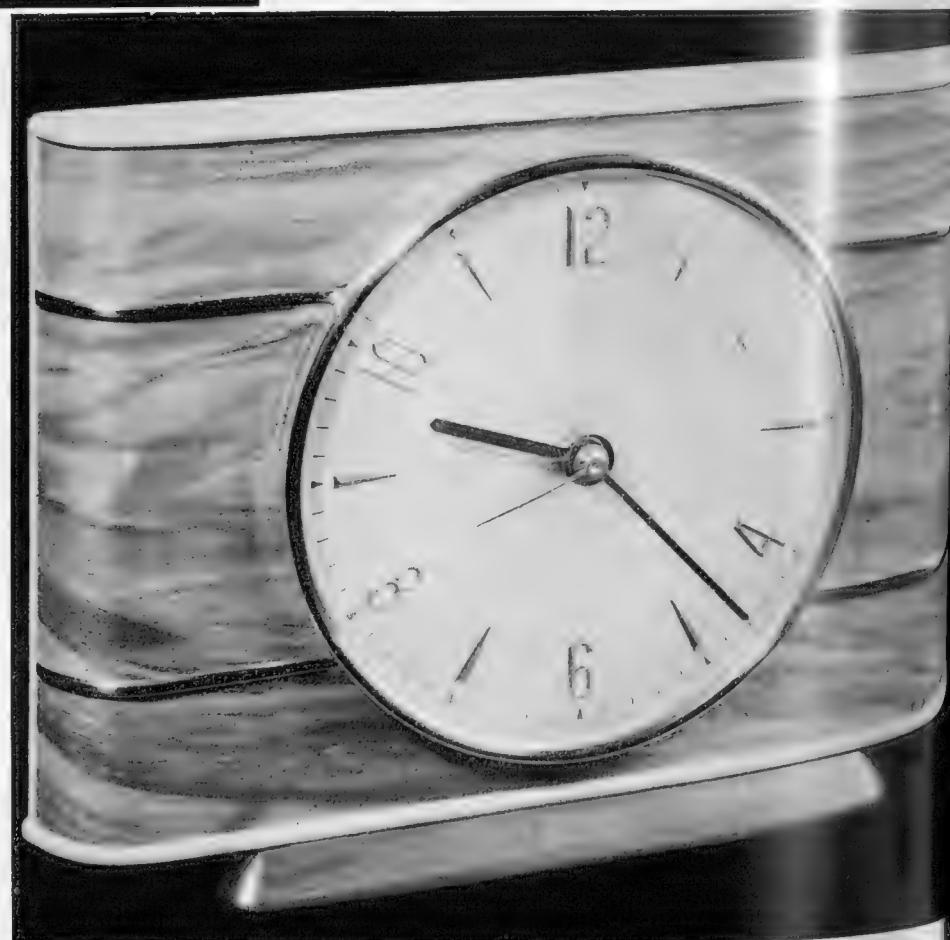


CHOOSEN from a recent show of Smith's clocks, here is a selection of time-keepers, each designed for a specific purpose. On the left is the "Delaware" Sectric or eight-day wall clock in a polished brass case; Sectric price £8 5s., and Lever price £7 10s., at leading stores

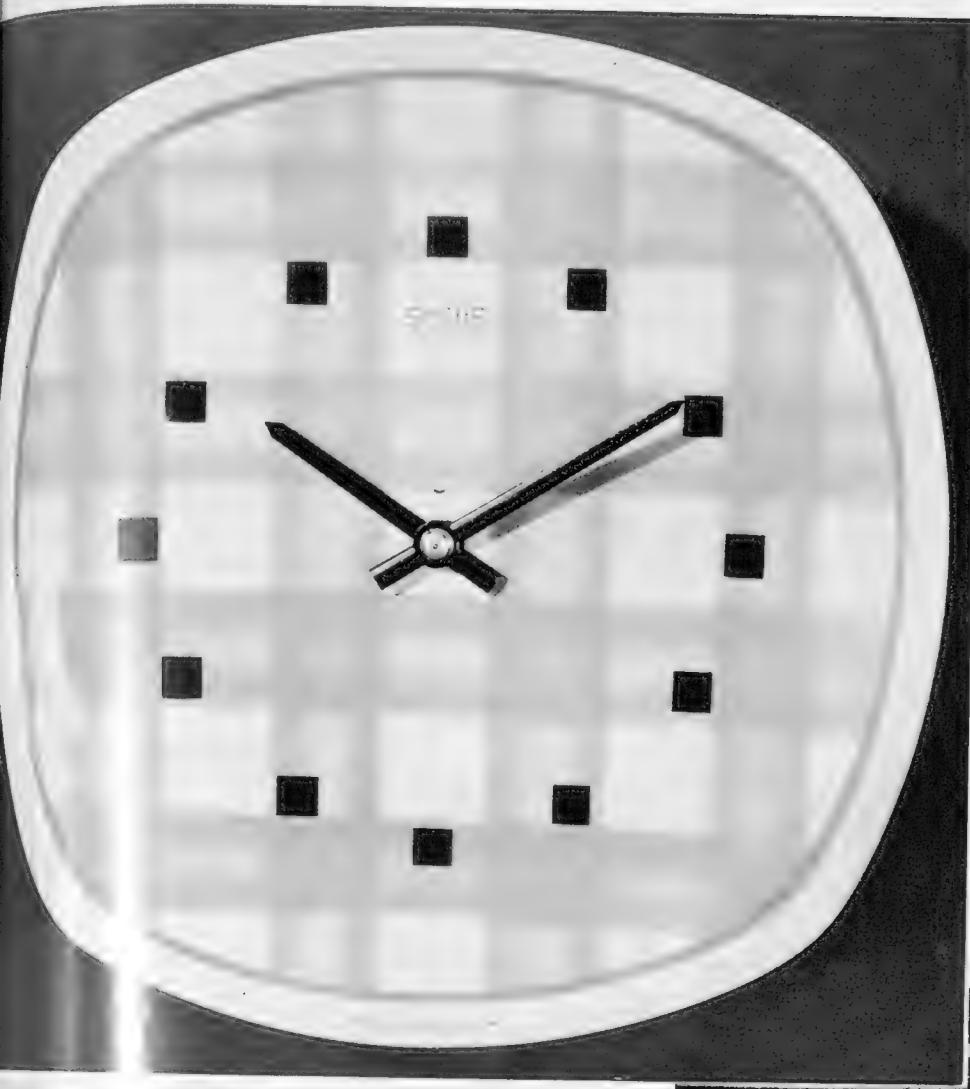
—JEAN CLELAND



Left : "Knightsbridge," an eight-day striking clock for a living-room, in black and polished brass; it costs £10 19s. 6d.



"Lynbrook" Sectric or eight-day timepiece in natural walnut and sycamore finish case with embossed gilt figures and chaplets; Sectric price £5 15s., Lever price £6 19s. 6d.



The "Gingham" Sectric or eight-day wall clock in high glazed porcelain, decorated in blue, green or pink; Sectric costs £3 7s. 6d. and Lever £4 10s.; both are obtainable at leading stores



The "Cromwell" Sectric or eight-day seven-jewel timepiece in wrought iron with gilt fret zone; Sectric costs £8 19s. 6d., and Lever £9 9s.



The "Derwent" Sectric self-starting or eight-day wall clock has applied black and brass chaplets; Lever £5 10s., Sectric £4 15s.



Dennis Smith

Thirty-hour pressed metal plate clock with nursery rhyme characters, full colour, £1 15s., thirty-hour alarm in ivory metal case with schoolroom scene on animated dial, £1 6s. 6d.



Beauty

Stop-press news in headlines



THIS NEW HAIR-STYLE, which, with its short cut, up-to-the-minute fringe, and pointed nape, combines sophistication with youthful charm, was designed by French of London

THANKS to the imaginative art of the hairdressers and the skill with which they create different styles, women's hair today is dressed with infinite variety. Gone, thank goodness, is the time when the majority of heads looked as if they had been mass produced. Now, although a certain trend may be in vogue, even this is adapted to suit the shape of the face and the personality of the client, with the result that there is greater individuality than ever before.

In addition to the increasing art with which hair is dressed, women themselves are more adventurous and more ready to try something new. Several times lately leading hairdressers have told me of the great interest their clients show in fresh styles. This news has resulted in a plan to keep the readers of this page right up to date with the very latest styles, as they come straight from the well-known salons. As often as possible we shall show a picture of a brand new style. Sometimes more than one, other times different views of the same one. The styles will range from the simple and youthful for young girls, to the more sophisticated and elegant for older women. The choice, therefore, will be wide, with something to suit everyone.

Since experienced hair stylists each have their own individuality, the selections will be made from a fairly wide circle, including not only those whose names are household words, but others who, a little less widely known to the general public, are none the less experts in their own right. This should allow for plenty of variety, and make, we hope, for added interest.

IF you are on the lookout for newest hair fashions, keep an eye on this page. You will find them all here, hot and fresh from the oven.

This week, we start off with French of London's new line. This is what he has to say about it. "This ends emphatically at cheek level, curving inwards below the eyes. The fringe, which embarks this season on its biggest boom in years, brushes bouncily right down to the brows, bringing the upper part of the face into sharp focus. This effect re-creates the wide-eyed vibrancy that belonged to the thirties, which, allied to present-day progress in eye make-up, can be dynamite today as it was then.

"In contrast to the jaunty, almost boxy width and 'illness' in the front, the back hair is either cut to, or simulates, the shingle. The semi-bared, delicately pointed nape is an essential to this style—utterly sophisticated at first impact, endearingly defenceless, and 'little-girl' when viewed from the back.

The photograph you see on the left gives an excellent idea of this style, and you see that it bears out its creator's description in great detail.

BEFORE we leave the subject of hair, I should like to tell you of a new product called "Brown-Glo," which may serve to turn a tear into a cheer for those whose spirits sink at the sight of greying hair. From the House of L'Oreal who produced "Color-Glo," comes something likely to prove equally popular, and called "Brown-Glo." This is not a rinse, nor is it a permanent dye. "Brown-Glo" could, I think, be described as something between the two. It gives a semi-permanent and absolutely natural brown shade to greying hair. If your hair is mid-brown, it remains mid-brown. If it is light-brown, it stays light-brown. The effect is very natural, and the "Glo" does not rub off on to clothes or pillows, neither will it run if the hair becomes wet. One of the most important points about this "put the clock back-er" is that it is, so I am assured by the makers, absolutely harmless. It contains no ammonia and no peroxide. Actually its base is a conditioning cream, which improves the health of the hair.

Anyway, if the first grey hairs distress you, "Brown-Glo" is something you can try out. If you don't like it, you can easily return your hair to its natural colour.

Young girls who cannot afford to go regularly to a hairdressing salon, and older women who live at a distance, may like to hear of Bristow's new Lanoline Shampoo. This is what they call a re-formulated product, extra rich in lanoline, and with a new perfume. It lathers beautifully, and comes in two types, a cream and a liquid. The liquid can be applied to dry hair, without wetting the hair first.

—Jean Cleland



Miss Susan Joy Cullinan, only daughter of Dr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. R. Cullinan, of Park Square West, Regent's Park, N.W.1, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Murray Owen, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell Owen, of The Grange, Coundon, Coventry



Miss Sheelagh Marion Barry, daughter of the late Mr. Justice Barry, and of Lady Barry, of Edwardes Square, W.8, is engaged to Mr. David Chando Hoskyns, younger son of the late Lt.-Col. C. B. A. Hoskyns, and of Mrs. Hoskyns, of Cowden House, Cholderton, near Amesbury



Miss Penelope Tankerville Chamberlayne, only child of the late Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, and of Mrs. Tankerville Chamberlayne, of Winchester, is engaged to Major Neville Bosville Macdonald, younger son of the late Sir Godfrey Macdonald, of the Isles, and of the Hon. Lady Macdonald



Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Caroline Victoria Wood, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Irwin, of Seyndford Paddocks, Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, Suffolk, recently announced her engagement to Mr. Randle Joseph Feilden, the eldest son of Maj.-Gen. Sir Randle and Lady Feilden, of the Old Manor, Minster Lovell, Oxfordshire



Miss Shelagh Maureen Mulholland, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. H. Mulholland, of Whimble, Devon, has become engaged to S/Ldr. Christopher R. G. Neville, only son of G/Capt. R. H. G. Neville, of Poundgate, Crowborough, Sussex, and the late Mrs. M. A. Neville



Miss Anne Valerie Attfield, elder daughter of Mr. A. Vernon Attfield, of Cobham, Surrey, and of Mrs. F. Dexter Cheney, Jr., of Fountain Valley School, Colorado Springs, and Manchester, Connecticut, U.S.A., is engaged to Mr. Thomas Johnson Hubbard, of New York City



Bachrach

DICK FRANCIS

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This book, fully illustrated with both maps and photographs, gives accurate and detailed descriptions of the ski runs and ski country of Switzerland, and has the full backing of the Swiss authorities and the S.C.G.B. Sir Arnold Lunn writes in his introduction: "You will get the facts as in no other book and they are interpreted with a light and entertaining touch. . . . The book, in brief, is not only the most useful vade mecum for expert and beginners alike, but is readable from cover to cover."

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26 BLOOMSBURY ST., LONDON, W.C.1

Boodle—Bede-Cox. Mr. John Melvin Boodle, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Carmichael Boodle, of Quakers, Peaslake, Surrey, was married to Miss Rosemary Bede-Cox, younger daughter of the late Mr. C. J. Bede-Cox and of Mrs. Bede-Cox, of Mayfield, Sussex, at St. Etheldreda's, Ely Place, E.C.1



RECENTLY MARRIED

Dudgeon—Biggart. Mr. Brian Christopher Dudgeon, son of Col. C. R. Dudgeon, of Beech Hill House, Headley, Hampshire, and the late Mrs. Dudgeon, recently married Miss Patricia Mary Biggart, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Biggart, of Kinnaird Avenue, Bromley, Kent, at The Trinity Presbyterian Church, Bromley



Vines—Russell. Mr. Richard Brindley Vines, son of Dr. H. W. C. Vines, of Cull Rock House, Cull Rock, Lyon Bay, St. Asaph, Cornwall, and the late Mrs. Vines, of Challenor, St. Peter, married Miss Susan Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Russell, of Cherry Tree Lane, Fulmer, Bucks, at St. James's, Fulmer.



Wood-Jones. Dr. Christopher Holman Wood, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Wood, of The Grange, Hallatrow, Somerset, married Miss Elizabeth Amorel Jones, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jones, of Mansion House, Sturminster Newton, Dorset, at Blandford Forum Parish Church



Allan—Hickman. Mr. Edward Allan, of The Gables, Weaveland Farm, Tisbury, Wilts, younger son of Col. and Mrs. A. C. Allan, of Swallowcliff Manor, Salisbury, married Miss Jennifer Hickman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blackford Hickman, of Whitebridge Farm, Semley, Wilts, at St. Edmund's, Salisbury



Acworth-Smith. Lt. Hugh John Acworth, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, son of the late Lt.-Col. J. P. Acworth and of Mrs. Acworth, of Newcastle, Northern Ireland, married Miss Joan Marie Smith, daughter of Brig. E. T. C. Smith, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Smith, of Derry, Garth, Camberley, Surrey, at Brompton Oratory

"Give me 10 minutes a day—

I'll add
10 years' youth
to your skin"

says

HELENA RUBINSTEIN

HOW OLD ARE YOU?—it doesn't matter. Whether you are approaching thirty or well beyond forty, I can show you how to make your skin look and feel as much as ten years younger. All I need is ten minutes of your time each day—just five minutes in the morning and five at night. How is it done? By *faithfully* following these three indispensable rules of beauty.

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New Quick Way to Lift Facial Contours

Some skins tend to sag and droop earlier than others. For them I recommend my new **CONTOUR LIFT FILM** to smooth away tiny expression lines, counteract the sagging chin line which is so often a tell-tale mark of time, and banish ageing under-eye puffiness. This amazing fluid actually 'lifts' and braces sagging contours 24 hours a day! Pat on night and morning—you can actually *feel* the fresh young firmness of your face and neck, for hours on end! 32/-

A Lesson in Beauty

Next time you are passing, do drop in at my beauty salon, 3 Grafton Street, London, W.1—or ring Grosvenor 7501 for an appointment. My experts will be happy to advise you on your personal beauty problems. And remember, all my beauty preparations are available at your favourite chemist or store.



HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S beauty routine will make you look and feel far younger.

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A BRITISH European Airways official, who is a friend of mine, went to Monte Carlo for the finish of the rally and has told me (for I was not able to go myself) some details of the final happenings there. It was a pity that protests should have had to be lodged by British competitors, but I gather that the reasons were compelling and had to do with class identification methods.

First reports suggested that the winning Renault Dauphine was a Gordini type, but it seems that this was not so and that it had its own particular modifications, including a five-speed gearbox. Besides being a tribute to the skill of Monraisse and Feret, the success may in some measure be attributed to the rear engine configuration. In the Dauphine there is a greater proportion of the total weight on the back wheels and it may be that this arrangement is better when slippery surfaces are being negotiated.

After all, Grand Prix cars have the major load on the rear wheels. But it would be unsafe to build up a pleasantly convincing theory on this subject for we have to remember the high placing of Vold-Johansen and Kopperud in the front-engined, front-drive D.K.W. They came third in the general classification. Although I have made my protest against protests at the end of these competitions, I was glad to see the Sunbeam Rapier of Harper, Elbra and Phillips given a higher placing in the corrected results. Theirs was a particularly fine drive in one of the most difficult rallies for years.

BEFORE we leave the rally I must refer to the arrangements which have now been made for marketing the Renault model with the Trans Fluide drive in England. This is the Frégate. It gives the same result as other automatic transmissions, but it does so in a rather different way, because a torque-converter is linked with the gear-box so that the different ratios are obtained, as it were, in dual stages—somewhat as in the Rover.

There are three forward gear settings on the hand selector lever and, for ordinary touring, the lever can be left all the time in the "VR" position. All the changing is then done automatically by the Trans Fluide drive.

Where exceptionally low gears are needed, however, as when driving in mountainous country, there are other positions; the "E" for emergency use and the "M" for very steep gradients. The selector also has, of course, positions for neutral, reverse and parking. The transmission is *not* being tried experimentally on Frégate owners, for it has been running in buses in France for a couple of years. I expect to see the Frégate making a strong bid for popularity in Britain.

WOMEN drivers received a large bouquet from Mr. George Eyles the other day. Mr. Eyles is the director of tests of the Institute of Advanced Motorists and he gave it as his opinion that women drivers were, in the main, more conscientious and careful and more ready to accept advice on driving faults than men. Men, it seems, "flush red" when their driving technique is in any way questioned, whereas women are ready to listen to criticism! The Institute's examiners have done more than 8,300 tests so they ought to know.

When the Institute was first created, it may be recalled, many experienced motoring journalists expressed disapproval of it on the grounds that there ought to be one, and only one, criterion of competency. But I think the painstaking work done in the efforts to establish high driving standards has caused many critics to alter their views.

The mere existence of a more advanced examination than that given by the Government testers is, to some people, an incentive. They become more inclined to watch their driving more attentively and to try and notice and to correct faults. This is always praiseworthy.

ON its first appearance the Lotus Elite made a sensation largely on account of its elegant fibreglass body. I am now told that one of its first overseas owners will be Mr. N. S. Norway who is the author Nevil Shute. The car is a sports saloon.

The use of fibreglass for body construction has been strongly advocated by many engineers and on many different grounds, including ease of repair and good surface finish; but there do seem to be difficulties where cars in large-scale series production are concerned.

—Oliver Stewart



PETER HARPER with his co-driver, Peter Elbra, in their Sunbeam Rapier on the Col de Turini, in the final stages of the Monte Carlo Rally. They were placed fifth

Motoring

THE SPORTS RALLY WITH GLAMOUR



THE RENAULT DAUPHINE (above) with Guy Monraisse and Jacques Feret, winner of the Rally. Below, beside their Alfa Romeo, are Madeleine Blanchoud and Renée Wagner, winners of the Women's Cup





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DINING IN

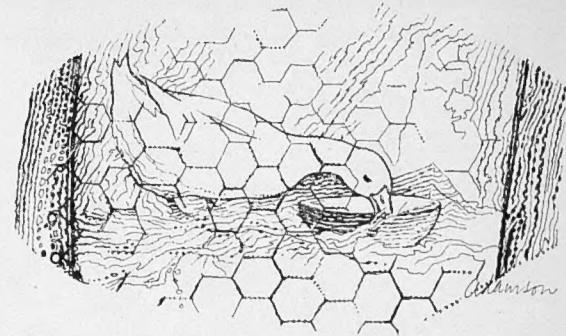
Continental variation on salt cod

OVER and over again, we meet people who regret that we, in this country, cannot get this or that delicious and inexpensive dish of some other land. Always it is something "wonderful" —and always "so cheap." In London, last week, a Frenchman said to me, "If only some restaurant would put Brandade de Morue on its menu, I am sure it would be an immediate success."

Salt cod is a favourite Lenten dish in France. In my childhood home in Canada, we always had something of the kind on Good Friday and, for years after I came to this country, I always made an effort to produce a salt cod dish on that day. Recently I am afraid, I have neglected it.

Fillets of salt cod should be white and thick. (Avoid the thin, yellowish fish we sometimes see about.) The fish should be soaked for at least 24 hours in several changes of fresh water. It is then cooked and served in various ways, of which Brandade is one. This requires quite a preparation, but Madame Prunier's recipe is a good one and simple to follow. (Incidentally, Brandade de Morue will be served in Madame's restaurant on Easter week.)

Cut 3 lb. soaked salt cod in large squares, poach them in water, keeping them rather underdone, drain them and remove the skin and bones. Now add to the fish one-third of its weight of warm mashed potatoes that have been baked in their jackets in the oven. Pound the salt cod in a mortar, mixing it and pounding it with the potatoes, and working the pestle vigorously to get a fine paste. With this paste, incorporate by degrees $\frac{1}{2}$ pint warm olive oil (in which one or two cloves of garlic have been put while it was warming) and the same quantity of warm cream, pounding away all the time, so as to get the Brandade white and light. Season it at the last minute, and serve it either by itself, or with little croutons or bread fried in butter, or in little *vol-au-vents*.



Any left-over Brandade can be served cold as an *hors d'oeuvre*.

Some recipes add a spoonful of lemon juice and melted butter to the mixture. Pestle and mortar? Nowadays, few people have these, but a strong wooden spoon and an ordinary basin will do very well—or why not use one's electric mixing-machine?

Poached Salt Cod with egg sauce is another dish which can be mentioned here. For 4 persons, allow 1½ lb. thick white salt cod. Soak the fish as above, then cut it into serving pieces and poach them, starting from cold water. Drain and remove the skin and bones, but leave the pieces as whole as possible. Have ready a good white sauce, very slightly salted, enriched with a tablespoon of double cream. At the last minute, add 2 coarsely chopped hard-boiled eggs to the sauce and pour it over the fish in its serving dish. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. This dish is attractive to look at and pleasant to eat.

SEA bass or loup is another fish this Frenchman mentioned. It surprised him that it could be bought in Soho for 3s. 6d. to 3s. 9d. a pound. On the Mediterranean, the loup is an expensive fish—but all fish in France costs more than it does here. Loup is flown from the south of France to certain London restaurants. Apparently, our sea bass is not quite so good as the loup from warmer waters.

But it is a good fish. One can bake it, fry it, or stuff and bake it, but here, where folk are so fussy about bones, the best way to deal with it is, perhaps, the following. Bone it. Lay it flat in a baking-dish and coat it with your own favourite fish forcemeat, which must contain plenty of butter and a little dry white wine, then bake it for as little time as it requires. All of us in this country are apt to overcook fish.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

The Mediterranean in Mayfair

THE comings and goings during the past week or so have been fast and furious. To start with there was the Hotel and Catering Exhibition at Olympia which was voted the best there has been so far, with a mass of up-to-date equipment to whet the appetite of any hotelier or restaurateur, and make a considerable hole in his pocket unless he was a person of iron will.

Several people very sensibly timed other affairs to coincide with this important event. Erwin Schleyen, who directs that very elegant establishment, the Mirabelle Restaurant in Curzon Street, imported (as it were) M. John Potter, the famous restaurateur of La Reserve de Beaulieu, in the South of France, who brought with him his *maître chef* John Rabette, his head waiter Louis Bessi, and Raymond Muller his sauce chef. These super experts took over the Mirabelle for the week, which they described as a "Mediterranean Semaine Gastronomique" and provided some of their specialities, including various fish exclusive to the Mediterranean which were flown over from France for the occasion.

As a result I found myself sitting down to a meal completely unusual as far as I was concerned, the menu being as follows: *La Soupe de Poissons de la Méditerranée*; *La Loup de Roche "Reserve"*; *La Selle d'Agneau Prince Noir*; *Le Poussin Rôti Aux Herbes de Provence*; and *Le Grand Sucré "Reserve."*

The Mirabelle is, incidentally, selling privately some of its rare and château-bottled wines and has printed a small list of the exact stocks it has to offer. This, to anyone who wants to buy something a little out of the usual, is well worth obtaining.

This was followed by a *Vin d'Honneur* given at the Westbury by their *maître chef* Dutrey to welcome the French delegation to the Hotel and Catering Exhibition. The guests included M. Cauvet Duhamel,

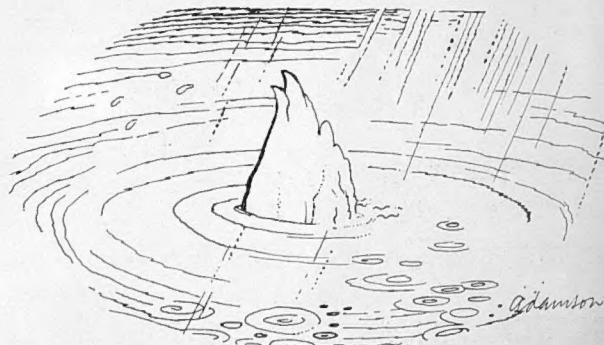
Consul General for France in Britain; Mr. H. R. Duffield-arding, Chairman du Conseil, Hotelympia Salon Culinaire International; General A. A. Byford, C.B.E.; M. André Simon, President of the Wine and Food Society; Madame Prunier, and some famous chefs such as M. Auguste Laplanche of the Savoy and M. Kaufeler of the Dorchester.

As this column seems to be filled with celebrities, it was a coincidence that at the end of the week I found myself twenty minutes early for a luncheon appointment at a restaurant, so spent my time thumbing through their guest book, and was somewhat amazed to find the signatures of almost everybody of whom one has ever heard. So quite casually and in no particular sequence I began to jot some of them down until I realized that I could fill a whole notebook, but this is as far as I got: Pandit Nehru, Lady Mountbatten, Charles Chaplin, Dirk Bogarde, Ramon Novarro (I wonder how many people remember him with Alice Terry in the film *Scaramouche?*), Orson Welles, Alan Moorehead, Pat Smythe, Anton Dolin, Mike Todd, the King and Queen of Denmark, John Steinbeck, Terence Rattigan, Tom Driberg, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco.

This restaurant is, of course, of international fame and happens to be The White Tower, in Percy Street, which has been owned and directed with great success by John Stais for so many years.

The *Roast Duck Farcie à la Grecque* with new potatoes was one of the courses of the subsequent lunch, and was as good as I have ever eaten. It was partnered by an Hospice de Beaune 1952 Cuvée Nicolas Rollin Patriarche Père et Fils.

—I. Bickerstaff



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The TATLER and Bystander, FEBRUARY 12, 1958

